

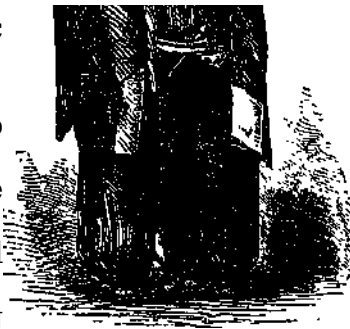
name frequently into conversation—indeed she is mentioned as familiarly as Queen Elizabeth is among us!

The town, which is walled, is not particularly attractive, but there is one very handsome mosque, and a very interesting Armenian church, eleven centuries old, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. The houses are mean-looking, but their otherwise shabby uniformity is broken up by lattice windows. The bazars are poorly built, but are clean, well supplied, and busy, though the trade of Van is suffering from the general insecurity of the country and the impoverishment of the peasantry. It is very pleasant that in the Van bazars ladies can walk about freely, encountering neither the hoots of boys nor the

and woollen, abundance of European goods in any bazar in Persia, and in the city of Semiramis, and beneath the tablet of petrifying Islamic scowl.

Fifty years ago Venetian beads were the only articles imported from Europe. Now, owing to

the increasing enterprise of the Armenians, every European necessary of life can be obtained, as well as many luxuries. Peek and Frean's biscuits, Moir's and Crosse and Blackwell's tinned meats and jams, English patent medicines, Coats' sewing



cotton, Belfast linens, Berlin  
wools, Jaeger's vests,  
and all sorts of materials, both  
cotton  
abound. I did not see such a  
choice